

dead men tell no tales

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by [klesek](#)

Notes

HEYY SO I HAD TO WRITE A SHORT STORY FOR ENGLISH CLASS AND SO I THOUGHT HEY WHY NOT SNEAK SOME FANFICTION IN THERE SO I DID SO HERES THIS

uhh hopefully the formatting isnt messed up
and heres to hoping i dont have to present this in class! fun

TW: death mention! if i need to add more tw(s) then please tell me!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

this is a tale of a ghost of a place and a person, left to finish unfinished business, left to take the place of a tyrant.

this ghost helped all he could, wherever he could. he was... a little oblivious at times. he wasn't the best with memory, and often times he didn't notice when bad things were happening, but he tried his best to keep everyone happy.

he considered everyone his friend, unless they did something wrong. and so when one of his friends asked him to help with something, promising it would be okay, he helped.

and he went in to help and never came out, his friend promising it would be okay until his final breath.

he found himself on a train, crying.

his face burned with tears. the train pulled up at a station with tall, faceless people all around, shrouded in darkness. but in the middle of the train station platform was someone who he thought he recognized, someone who he thought- who he had hoped- he would never have to meet.

his living self was in the middle of the train station platform, looking worse for wear. he looked tired, and seemingly shocked.

the ghost stepped off of the train, though he didn't want to. he wanted to go back to the land of the living, to where all his friends and family were, to where people who cared about him were. but he stepped off anyways, some force making his legs move.

his living self stepped past him, as if he wasn't there. he stepped onto the train, and smiled at the ghost as the train door closed.

the ghost felt very small, and very alone. and he was. he was very small, and very alone. there was no one here, only the dark shadow-people walking slowly but somehow hurriedly across the platform.

and so he waited, waited for a train to come, waited for someone to come to talk to him, to even just say hi. he was sure someone would! and so he waited, he waited for what seemed like forever but was only one hundred and seventy nine days.

and on the one hundred eightieth day, a train stopped by! the train door opened, and the ghost looked up in excitement- maybe his way out had just come!

but out of the train came his friend. not the same friend as before, a different friend, a friend that he recognized and missed.

and this friend was a good friend, a reliable friend who helped out in the toughest times, and the ghost could count on this friend.

and this friend stayed with him the whole time, and never left his side for a moment.

and on the three hundred and sixty fifth day, the ghost decided to explore, to see if he could find someplace else in this dark, damp train station platform.

so he walked down the side of the platform, the tunnel going on for what seemed (and probably was) forever. there were trains, but they never stopped. they always flew right on past on the tracks, not caring about the ghost waiting for a ride.

the ghost didn't give up though, no matter how close he was to, or how much he wanted to. he kept on walking, sure that at some point, he would see someone else, or at least somewhere that looked different.

he never found someplace new, no matter how far he walked, no matter where he looked, no matter how many times he assured himself that he wasn't completely alone.

and on the four thousand nine hundred and seventh day, he didn't know what to do. he was waiting, because he was still so sure that someone would come and pick him up, that someone would come to help him, that someone would care.

and on the five thousand four hundred seventy fifth day, in another universe, a train pulled up. the little ghost, who had been in the cold, dark, damp, lonely train platform for so long, got on. he was alive again, and he never thought he could be so happy to see the sun.

and on the five thousand four hundred seventy fifth day in this universe, the little ghost gave up.

End Notes

friend has a character tag i know he does ive used it before where is it
also yes! this is my interpretation of what happened in the afterlife BUT IMPORTANT: this
is NOT what happened in fwiadc, at least not exactly! theres a bit that happened in fwiadc that
i didnt put in there bc 1. i had to get this done quickly for school and 2. its not really
something i want to put in a school assignment bc uh. hmm.
dw dw its nothing like. bad. its just real big angst :]

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